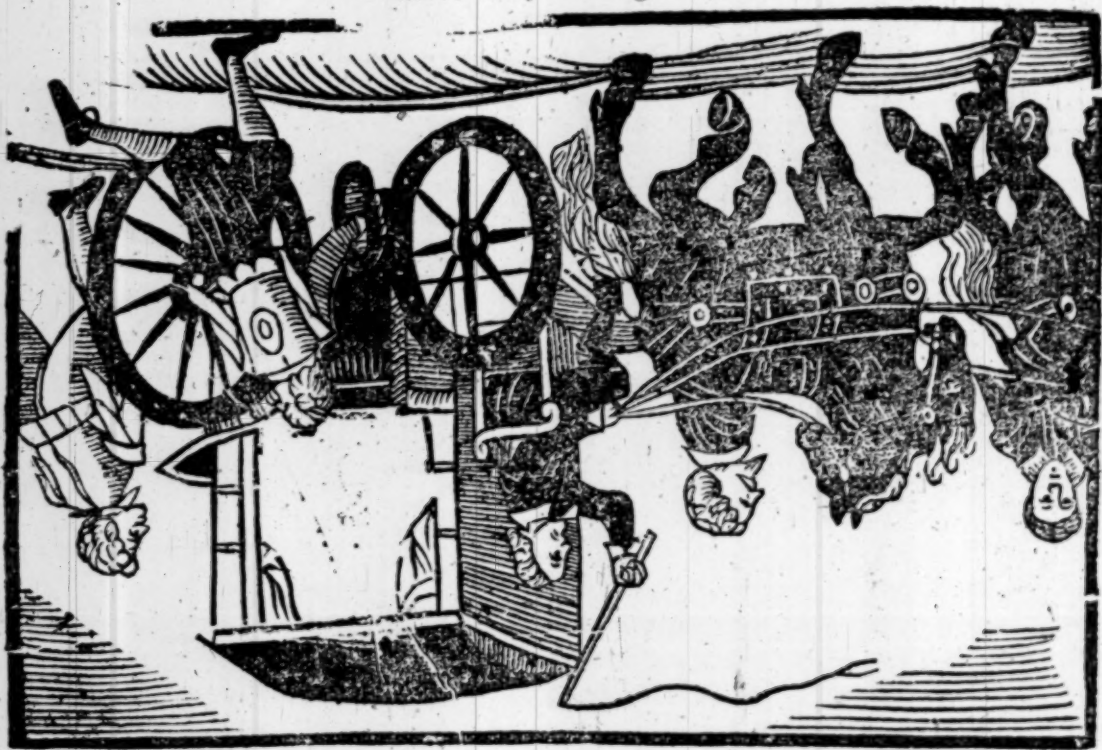


# The Coaches Ouertthrow.

OR,  
A joviall Exaltation of divers Tradesmen, and others,  
for the suppression of troublefome Hackney Coaches.

To the tune of, *Old King Harry.*



**A**s I pass'd by this other day,  
to where Hacke and Clarret spring;  
I heard a mad creak by the way,  
that loud did laugh and sing,  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the hackney Coaches downe;  
Tis cry'd aloud  
They make such a Crowd,  
Men cannot passe the Towne.

The Wyes that be so strong Ale, and care  
not how the world doth sing;  
So bonny, blith, and Joviall are,  
their livers are drinke and sing,  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
With the hackney Coaches downe,  
To make them roome,  
They may freely come,  
And liquor the thirsty Towne.

The Collier he's a sack of mirth,  
and though as black as soote,  
yet still he tunes, and whistles forth,  
And this is all the note.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
With the hackney Coaches downe:  
They long made fooles  
Of poore Carry-coales,  
But now must leave the towne.

The Carriers of every Shire,  
are as from cares immune;  
So Joviall is this packe-horse Quire,  
and this is all their tune.

Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
With the hackney Coaches downe,  
Farewell, adew,  
To the Jumping Crew,  
For they must leave the towne.

Although the Carman had a cold,  
he stein'd his March-bird voice,  
And with the best a part did hold  
to sing and to rejoyce.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the hackney Coaches downe:  
The Carmens Cars,  
And the Merchants Wares  
May passe along the towne.

The very Sings did pipe for Joy,  
that Coachmen hence should hye,  
And that the Coaches must away  
a mellowing up to lye.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
With the hackney Coach-men downe,  
Passe they their scope,  
As round as a rope,  
Wee'll lodge them forth of towne.

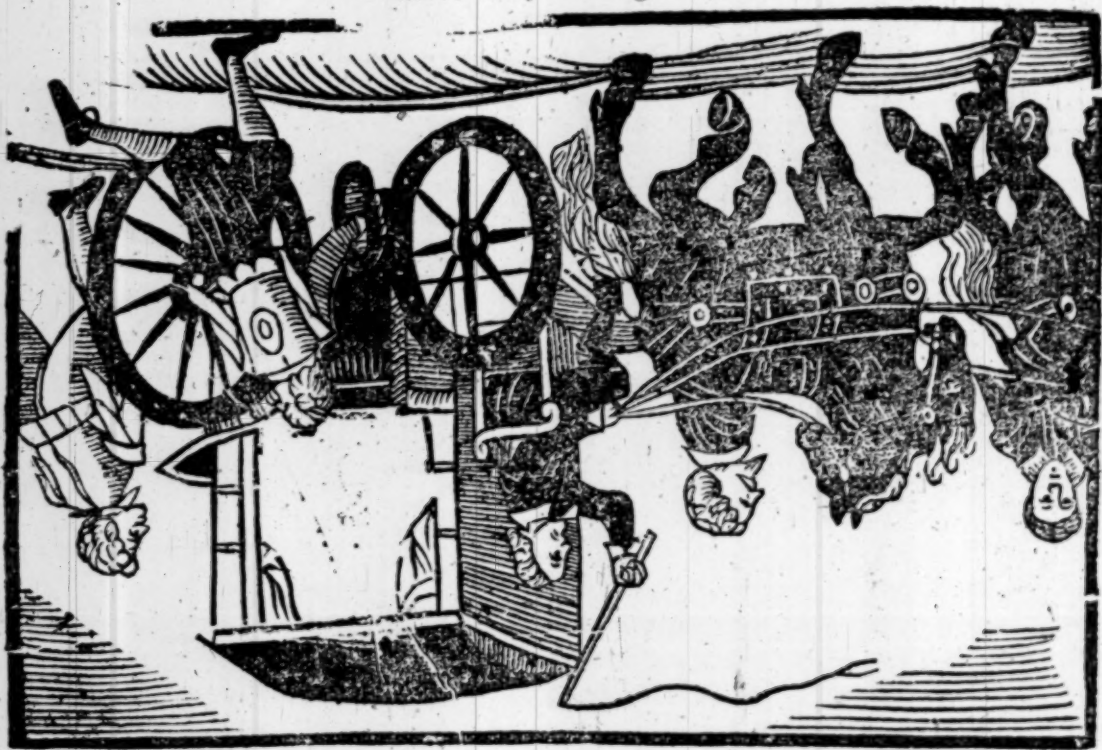
Permonsters, and the Infornes,  
that oft offences hatch;  
In all our times the Money-wormes,  
and they are for the catch.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
With the hackney Coaches downe,  
For these Restraints,  
VVill with Complaints,



# The Coaches Ouertthrow.

OR,  
A joviall Exaltation of divers Tradesmen, and others,  
for the suppression of troublefome Hackney Coaches.

To the tune of, *Old King Harry.*



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Of poore Carry-coales,  
But now must leave the towne.

The Carriers of every Shire,  
are as from cares immune;  
So Joviall is this packe-horse Quire,  
and this is all their tune.

Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
With the hackney Coaches downe,  
Farewell, adew,  
To the Jumping Crew,  
For they must leave the towne.

Although the Carman had a cold,  
he stein'd his sparch-bird voice,  
And with the best a part did hold  
to sing and to rejoyce.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the hackney Coaches downe:  
The Carmens Cars,  
And the Merchants Wares  
May passe along the towne.

The very Sings did pipe for Joy,  
that Coachmen hence should hye,  
And that the Coaches must away  
a mellowing up to lye.  
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With the hackney Coach-men downe,  
Passe they their scope,  
As round as a rope,  
Wee'll lodge them forth of towne.

Permonsters, and the Infomes,  
that oft offences hatch;  
In all our times the Money-wormes,  
and they are for the catch.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
With the hackney Coaches downe,  
For these Restraints,  
VVill with Complaints,



(547)  
The second part To the same tune.



**T**he world no more shall run on wheels,  
with Coach-men as't has done;  
But they must take them to their heels,  
and try how they can run.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the Hackney Coaches downe:  
Wee thought they'd burst,  
Their Pride since first  
Swell'd so within the Towne.

The Sedan does (like Atlas) hope  
to carry heauen pick-pack:  
And likewise since he has such scope  
to beare the Towne at's back.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the Hackney Coach-men downe:  
Arise Sedan,  
Thou shalt be the Man  
To beare vs about the Towne.

Those Sedans cause they doe plood,  
and amble euery where,  
Which Pzancers are with Leather shod,  
and nere disturbe the eare.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the Hackney Coaches downe:  
Their lumpings make  
The Pauement shake,  
Their noyse doth mad the Towne.

The Elber Brother shall take place,  
the Youngest Brother rise:  
The middle Brothers out of grace,  
and euery Tradesman cryes.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the Hackney Coaches downe,  
'Twould saue much hurt,  
Spare dust, and durt,  
Were they cleane out of Towne.

The Dick, the Meake, the Lame also,  
a Coach for ease might beg:  
When they on foot might lightly goe,  
that are as light as my Leg.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe.

with the hackney Coaches downe:  
Let's foot it out,  
Ere the yeare comes about,  
Twill saue vs many a Crowne.

What though we trip oze boots and shoes,  
twill ease the pryse of Leather:  
We shall get twice, what once we lose,  
when they doe fall together.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the hackney Coaches downe;  
Though one Trade fall,  
Yet in generall,  
Tis a good to all the Towne.

Tis an undoing unto none  
that a Profession vse:  
Tis good for all, not hurt to one,  
considering the abuse.  
Then heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the hackney Coaches downe:  
Tis so Decreed  
By a Royall Deed,  
To make't a happy Towne.

Coach-makers may use many Trades,  
and get enough of meanes:  
And Coach-men may turne off their Jades,  
and helpe to draine the fens.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the hackney Coaches downe:  
The Sythe, and Flayle,  
Cart, and Plow-tayle  
Doe want them out of Towne.

But to conclude, tis true, I heare  
they'l soone be out of Fashion,  
Tis thought, they very likely are  
to haue a long Vacation.  
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,  
with the hackney Coaches downe:  
Their Terme's neere done,  
And shall be begun  
No more in London Towne. FINIS.

London. Printed for Francis Cotes.